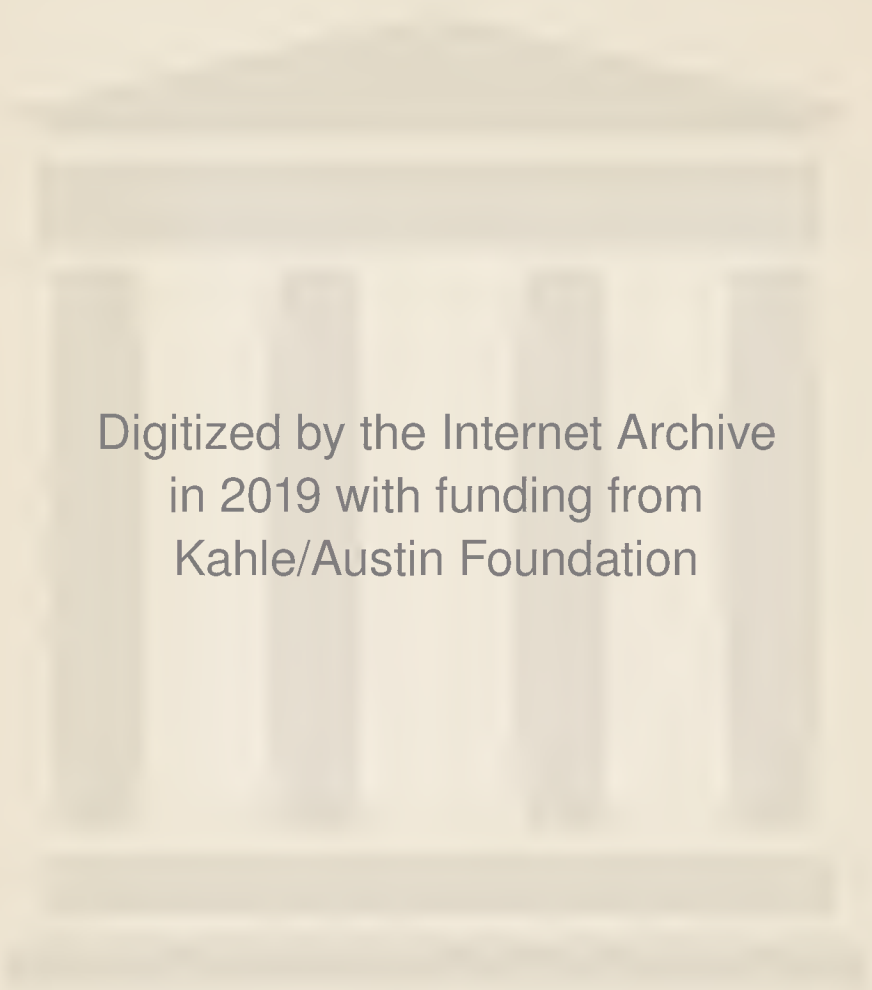
THE DEVIL AND THE LADY

ALFRED TENNYSON

Trent University Library
Trent University Library
Trent University Library

THIS EDITION OF "THE DEVIL AND THE LADY" BY
ALFRED TENNYSON IS LIMITED TO FIVE
HUNDRED NUMBERED COPIES
#428



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/devillady0000tenn

THE DEVIL AND THE LADY

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DALLAS
ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO

127710

Printed in Great Britain

Martha

TRANSLATION

OF

CLAUDIAN'S

Proserpine

by A. Tennyson

A. Tennyson

THE DEVIL AND THE LADY

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

EDITED BY CHARLES TENNYSON

HIS GRANDSON

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1930

PR5535 .D54 1930

COPYRIGHT, 1930,
BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction in whole or in part in any form.

Set up and printed.
Published January, 1930.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

INTRODUCTION

MY UNCLE, HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON (who was the poet's son, and died in December, 1928), when he gave the most complete MS. of this play to Trinity College, Cambridge, had a copy made of it, which he left to me with other manuscripts of his father's poems, giving me leave to publish at my discretion. With this copy he wrote the following preface:—

"I have published 'The Devil and the Lady' because of the note in my Grandfather, Dr. Tennyson's handwriting to the effect that the comedy was composed by my father at the early age of 14.* He thought that it showed evidence of a wide range of reading, a power of drawing character, and an extraordinary variety of knowledge on many subjects remarkable in a youth of that age. It has been thought that this work, as a literary curiosity, might well be given to the World, not only for the benefit of students of my father's poem, but also for a wider public."

My Uncle did not, in fact, publish the play, although he included in his Memoir of the poet (see "Tennyson—a Memoir," Vol. I. pp. 25 and 26) a short quotation from it.

I know, however, that publication was often in his mind and that, in issuing this volume, I am not acting against his wishes.

To anyone who reads the play it must seem an almost incredible achievement for a boy of 14. But though Dr.

* This note is on the Trinity MS.—ED.

Tennyson's statement is astonishing, I do not think that there can be any doubt of its substantial accuracy. It is confirmed by the poet himself in a statement quoted in the Memoir (Vol. I, p. 12), and clearly referring to this play. Moreover, the manuscript evidence suggests that the first version of the play at least was composed by the poet at the age stated by his father, though it may have been revised and added to during the succeeding year or two years.

The Trinity manuscript is not all in the poet's writing, the greater part of it being written in a hand which I cannot identify. There is, however, another manuscript (in my possession) which is all in Tennyson's own hand. It is contained in a small, brown-covered notebook, measuring about 5½ inches by 3 inches, with a number of other early poems and fragments, and is clearly an earlier draft than the Cambridge manuscript, since many passages of importance are added in the latter, and some of them are written out roughly on isolated pages of the notebook, evidently as the result of a revision of the first draft, and (judging by the handwriting) immediately after its completion. Amongst other differences, the name of the Lady in the first draft is "Jessica," while in the later version it has been changed to the much less hackneyed and more suitable "Amoret."

The title-page of the notebook and a typical page of the MS. are reproduced on the frontispiece and facing p. 44 of this volume, and the two make a curious contrast, the title-page being an essentially schoolboyish production with its sprawling handwriting and scribbled drawings, while the actual play is exquisitely written in a hand wonderfully formed for a boy of 14 and remark-

ably like that of the poet in later life, though more upright.

This book contains another curious foretaste of the mature Tennyson in the Latin sentence written on the title-page—*"Spes alit juventutem et poesin, vituperatio premit et laedit"* (Hope nourishes youth and poesy, abuse represses and injures it).* One sees here, already shadowing his boyish mind, that extravagant sensibility to criticism which he was never able to shake off even at the zenith of his fame, and which after the critical *vituperatio* of 1833 kept him silent for what should have been nine of the most fruitful years of his life.

My Uncle in his Memoir states that this play and certain other poems which he there quotes, were omitted from the "Poems by Two Brothers" (published in 1827) as being too much out of the common for the public taste. Drafts and fragments of some of Tennyson's contributions to the "Two Brothers" volume are included in the notebook, *e.g.* the first three stanzas of the ode "Jerusalem" (p. 145 of the "Poems by Two Brothers," reprint of 1896) and "The Sun goes down in the Dark Blue Main" (*ib.* p. 157). There are also about 150 lines from a translation of Claudian's "Proserpine" (mentioned on the title-page—see frontispiece) into the regular Popeian metre, in which, according to the poet's own statement, he composed hundreds of lines, after reading Pope's "Homer" at the age of 10 and 11. Tennyson himself stated that his contributions to the "Poems by Two Brothers" were written between the ages of 15 and 17, and these are evidently all very early poems,

* This may be a quotation, but I have not been able to identify it.—Ed.

since ink and handwriting correspond exactly with the draft of the play in the same book.

The Trinity manuscript, which is contained in a notebook of similar size and binding, is evidently a copy, made mostly by another hand, from this first draft, and the poet afterwards worked on the second draft, since many passages are added by his hand, some interpolated in the text and some written on the blank pages alongside of the text, while the last few pages (about one-fifth of the whole) are all in his writing. These added passages seem to be in a later hand than that of the first draft. The ink is blacker and the writing freer, more sloping and more like the poet's mature hand. I do not think, however, judging from the other contents of the Trinity volume and from a comparison with other early manuscripts, that any of these passages are likely to have been written after the poet was 16, and one or two are revisions of added passages in the earlier notebook. It is remarkable that many of the best passages occur in the first draft, though the later additions contain the more characteristically Tennysonian passages.

I have described the contents of these early MS. books somewhat minutely, partly because they seem indirectly to support the statement as to the writer's age, and partly because I think that these early unpublished writings should help to correct a false impression which has been created by criticisms of the "Poems by Two Brothers." Critics, such as Andrew Lang and Stopford Brooke, have claimed that Tennyson's contributions to this volume show no sign of the originality and force which marked even the volume of 1830 (published only three years later) and, much more strongly, that of 1833.

Such criticism seems to suggest some sudden and unexplained development of the poet's mind between the dates of the earlier and later publications. The true explanation of this apparent discrepancy is given in the statement already quoted from the Memoir, that this play and certain other poems were deliberately omitted from the "Poems by Two Brothers" as being too much out of the common for the public taste. Jowett, who was consulted by the poet's son about these omitted poems, said that they were most original and that it was wonderful how the whelp could have known such things. The Master was apparently, consciously or unconsciously, adapting Doctor Johnson's well-known saying about another "Marvellous Boy," the unhappy Chatterton, but the words fit well enough where he applied them, and it must, I think, be plain to anyone who reads this play with the other boyish poems quoted in the Memoir, that Tennyson was, even at the early age of 14, in addition, of course, to much that was imitative and second-hand, already writing highly original and characteristic verse.

A boy must naturally found his earliest work on the models which he has studied, and the study of the Elizabethans is evident in this play,* but the freedom and vivacity of the adaptation are remarkable, while every now and then there are lines which clearly foreshadow the powers of observation and intensely personal utter-

* My grandfather seems to have written another play at the same time and in the same manner (see quotation in the Memoir, Vol. I. p. 23), but I have been unable to trace the manuscript, which I fear must have been destroyed.—Ed.

ance which the poet developed in his maturity. For example,

"Like the low hum of the delighted bee
In the calyx of a lily."

. . . .

"The mirror of the silver lake
In its clear picture deftly pencilling
The soft inversion of the tremulous woods."

. . . .

"Each hoar wave
With crisped undulation arching rose,
Thence falling in white ridge with sinuous slope
Dash'd headlong to the shore and spread along
The sands its tender fringe of creamy spray."

. . . .

"There came a band of melancholy sprites
White as their shrouds, and motionlessly pale,
Like some young ashwood, when the argent moon
Looks in upon its many silver stems."

But it is not only in occasional lines and passages that the play is characteristic and individual. Imitative though it may be, it breathes throughout a delightful freshness and freedom. In its exuberance of language, its crude schoolboy humour, the vivacity of its character drawing, its boyishly passionate aspiration, so urgent that it often

finds utterance through the mouth of the Devil himself, it seems to me to stand most firmly on its own base, a living and personal thing.

The poet's own shrinking from publicity, his deliberate suppression of the personal note and the destruction of early records, such as the correspondence with Arthur Hallam, have made it difficult for later generations to realise the extraordinary force and charm of that many-sided personality which, from his first appearance at Cambridge, won for Tennyson the affectionate and delighted admiration of all with whom he came into intimate contact. This play, in its unguarded freshness, shows us Tennyson the boy, and should help not a little to solve the enigma of Tennyson the man.

Except for some minor changes in punctuation, necessitated by the writer's extraordinary fondness for dashes, and the restoration of one or two words from the earlier manuscript to repair obvious mistakes, I have printed the play from the retained copy of the Trinity manuscript exactly as Tennyson left it. He never brought it to an end, and there is no record of the way in which he intended to end it. Moreover, in revising he sometimes left loose ends and unfinished lines. No attempt has been made to correct these defects. Nor have I made any effort to trace literary parallels or references, the few notes which I have added being merely intended to make intelligible words and phrases which might otherwise have been obscure to the ordinary reader.

C. T.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MAGUS A Necromancer

AMORET His Wife

ANTONIO A Lawyer

PHARMACEUTUS An Apothecary

STEPHANIO A Sailor

ANGULO An Astronomer and Mathematician

CAMPANO A Soldier

BENEDICT A Monk

DEVIL * * * * *

ACT I

SCENE I *Scene, a wood near* MAGUS'S *Cottage. Storm.* MAGUS *solo*

MAGUS Now doth the vollied and rebellowing thunder
Rock the huge earth, and all the dizzy hills
Quake at his coming, while the arrowy bolt
With ravaging course athwart the dark immense
Comes rushing on its wings of fire—the North
With hoarse congratulation and wild threats
Gives answer to his brother winds that rave
From the three corners of the lurid sky.
The spirits of past time are on the blast,
They leave their misty halls to commune with
The airy footed children of the storm—
Dimly they ride in gleaming steel upon
The vaultings of their cloudy chariots—
O thou omnipotent Love, whose boundless sway
And uncontroll'd dominion boweth down
The Spirits of the Mighty, thou great Despot,
Who bindest in thy golden chains the strong
And the imbecile, thou immortal Pan-Arch
Tyrant o' th' earth and sea whose sunless depth
And desolate Abyss is vivified
And quicken'd at thy bidding—thou vast link
Of the Creation—thou deep sentiment!
Thou only to be understood by those
Who feel thee and aid thy purpose, albeit I summon
Into thy presence Beings whose dark brows
Are furrow'd with the care of pride, whose natures

Hold less congeniality with thine
Than the condenséd, cold compacted wave
To a consuming fire—But to my task!
[*He draws a cabalistic ring on the ground*
'Tis well! Misshapen imp,
Last born of triform Hecate, hear my voice!
Stand forth and wait my summons, Spirit of Hell!
[DEVIL *starts up in the middle of the ring*
All hail! All hail! thou solitary power
Whose habitation is the grisly flame
Which guards that gate of Hell that looks along
The measureless deep, whose inky waste divides
The Evil and the Blest—Now weave thy web
Of subtle machination, ply thy power
In such a delicate and important cause
As needs thy chief attention—mark me well!

DEVIL I come, O I come, at the sound of my name
From the depths and the caverns of Hell where I lie,
I can rush through the torrent and ride on the flame
Or mount on the whirlwind that sweeps thro' the sky—
What wilt thou have me do for thee? Shall I weave
The sunbeams to a crown for thy bald brows?
Shall I ungarter the Plëiades for thee
And twist their glittering *periscelides**
To keep the hose up on thy minishing calves?
Shall I unchair Cassiopeia's brightness
And fetch her close stool for thee? or pluck the Nanny-goat

* Greek word meaning "garters."—ED.

From off the back of that old blade whose haunches
Quiver beneath the feather'd foot of Perseus?*
Shall I ungird Orion's strength, or bring thee
A grinder of that mighty snake, whose folds
Far stretching through the unconfined space
Involve seven worlds?

MAGUS A truce with thine heroics!
A murrain take thine ill tim'd pleasantry!
If thou are not the most impertinent Devil
That ever smelt bitumen, pri'thee hear me.
Affairs of high importance call me hence,
Nor would I borrow of that usurer
Procrastination, whose vast interest
Is almost higher than his principal.
Procrastination, like the wayward tide,
With imperceptible and secret course
Gains hourly on us till that we are left
No landing place whereon to set our feet—
So lost and tangled is the maze of cares
Protracted and put off from day to day.

DEVIL What is the end and purport of thy words?
And wherewith can I serve thee?

MAGUS Thou shalt hear:
For I forthwith upon the yeasty wave
With hasty expedition of swift oars
Shall now embark—but to thee I commit
(Until such time as I retrace my way)

* This refers to the constellation Auriga, which is shown on old astronomical maps as an old man seated with a goat on his left arm, the constellation Perseus, which is next to Auriga on the right, being shown as a standing figure of the hero facing towards Auriga with the right foot raised.—Ed.

My loving wife, to guard her chaste and pure
As stainless snow, brush'd by the windy wing
Of Eagle on the stormy mountain top,
Or like the virgin lily, whose rare sweets
Combining with the ambient atmosphere,
Do make a paradise of this fair earth,
So delicate are its odours.

DEVIL Gentle master,
I would do ought but this—I'd dive i' th' sea,
I'd ride the chariot of the rocking winds
Alarum'd by the thunder's awful knell,
Or from the hornéd corners of the Moon
I'd pluck the charméd flowers that flourish there;
I'd visit far Arcturus, the bright length
Of the Ecliptic and the spangled Lyre,
Or that dim star which in Boötes' wain
Shines nightly, or I'd bring thee gems from out
The stilly chambers of the mighty deep,
The boundless halls of porphyry, where sit
The ancient fathers of the sea with beards
That sweep the burnish'd chrysolite beneath 'em—
All this and more I'd do for thee, for these
Are trifles to that weighty task, to guard
A woman 'gainst her will.

MAGUS This once, good Friend,
Exert thy power—the task is short—eftsoones
I shall be here again—till then farewell!

[*Exit* MAGUS.

SCENE II

DEVIL A very decent, tolerable task—
Outwit a woman—that were difficult;
Place in one scale my graceless Devilship—
Her ladyship in t'other—weigh us both,
I do much fear me lest her ladyship
Untwist my meshes, foil my purposes
And by her subtile intricacy of wit
Mislead my choicest, noblest, nicest guile.
The very fuscous and embrownéd cheek
Of his Satanick Majesty might blanch
Before a woman's art. O Styx and Acheron!
What deprecations, amulets and charms,
What exorcisms, crossings and bead countings,
What Ave-Maries will be play'd against me!
I value not your amulets and charms
The twentieth part of half a rotten murphy
Or a split pea, albeit I do confess me
I'm apt to turn tail on an Ave-Mary,
And quail a little at a Pater-Noster,
Except when it's said backwards. I remember me
When I was summon'd up by this same Magus
And unto this same office (t'was the dead
Of a most chilly winter) that I lit
I' th' grey o' th' morning on a blue nos'd Monk
And pluck'd him by the beard, whereat he shrunk
In all his sinews like a sensitive plant
And chatter'd from the bottom of his cowl
"Apage Sathanas iniquissime!"
Whereat I tripp'd him up and laid him prone
Holding close conference with his Mother Earth
About the damage of his splinter'd nose,

And having punch'd him fundamentally
With my strong hooves, I left him bruised and battered
As a beefsteak.

Scene III

MAGUS There is nothing on all this earth that's precious
To him who owns it, but Anxiety,
With heavy Anthesis i' the other scale,
O'erbalances the pleasure on't: the rich ore
Is mixed with so much dross we cannot separate it.
There gleams no blue speck in the clouded waste
Of the charg'd atmosphere (not more perchance
Than is enough to make a butcher's surtout)
But minute after minute threatens us,
Lest in the misty wrappings of grey clouds
We lose that island space of narrowing blue—
The man who hoards a casket, shuddering
Will press it closer to his aching heart,
If the deep reed bed should but tremble to
The wind that strays thro' its rustling depths, or wave
Its trembling shadows to the ambiguity
Of moonlight. So it fares with him who knows
The windings of the world and fain would cherish
All that he loves from its intrusion:
Distrust increases with increase of years,
She is the firstborn of Experience
And ye may know her by her stealthy shuffle
And the keen grey twinkle of her deep-sunk eye

And the rejectings of her anxious front
To gaze at her own shadow. If ye greet her,
Or pass your hand in hers, she will respond
With an uncordial and relaxing grasp,
As though she did repent her courtesy
E'en in the doing o't—but from her counsel
We learn that many a gay flower, which disperses
Incense to every wandering air, fades off
And grows to a poisonous berry, which gives death
To all who taste it—that the broider'd side
Of Life's fair tapestry, with its woven groups
Of gloomy imagery, and the inwrought splendour
Of flower and fruitage, sheweth fair to the eyes
Of inexperienced immaturity,
But unto those whose rarity of locks
The hand of Time hath salted, she exhibits
The dark reverse of it,
The intertwinings and rough wanderings
Of random threads and wayward colourings—
A mêlée and confusion of all hues,
Disorder of a system which seemed Order.
Yet never, in my gayest hour of Being,
Was I so sanguine as to deem my fate
Would with each longing of impatient Hope
Each gasp and indraw of the hasty breath
Sparkle like Oroonoko* in a tube,
Which even as it ignites and inflames
Doth change to bitter ashes.

* A name once given to the commonest sort of tobacco in Virginia.—Ed.

SCENE IV

Enter AMORET

MAGUS Here Amoret, a word with thee!

AMORET Proceed.

MAGUS I am called hence by strong necessity.

AMORET Alas! and when shall Heaven's auspicious breath
Restore thee to these longing eyes?

MAGUS Perhaps
E're yet again the silver moon shall fill
The curvéd radiance of her glowing horns.

AMORET How in thy tedious absence shall I chide
The lazy motion of the lagging hours?
Hours will seem days.

MAGUS Sweet Amoret I would
Thy tongue were not at variance with thy heart.

AMORET True as the handle of the horologe,
As ever moved by the works within,
So move my lips responsive to my heart:
True as the many-chorded Harp returns
Harmonious answers to a master's touch—
So speaks this tongue congenial to my Soul.

MAGUS It is not mine to draw aside the veil
Of dark deception, or unmask the thoughts
Of other minds—My Necromantic arts
Could never teach me this—sooner might I
Transmute this bodily form into some shape
Of wingéd bird or lazy quadruped
Or bloodless habitant of Ocean's wave.

AMORET Alas! and why should false suspicion's breath,
With such ill-omened and pernicious words

Tarnish the lustre of my spotless fame?

MAGUS I cannot trace the windings of a heart,
The searchless windings of a woman's mind,
For that Egyptian labyrinth famed of old
With all its maze of avenues and chambers
Were nothing to it—like a lightsome feather
When put in balance with a ton of lead.

AMORET (*weeping*)
What weighty cause, what reason have I giv'n
That thou shouldst treat me thus unkindly,
Magus?
Have I not lent to thee my youth, my time,
And all that I possess? To thee o'er whom
Full eighty suns have roll'd, while these young eyes
Have barely seen a score, yet would I live
Embosom'd in the fulness of content,
Did not thy temper, fretful and morose,
Still find new themes to harp upon and rail,
Making the shadow of a sound reality,
And the thin air solidity of substance,
For thou art jealousy personified.

MAGUS Pass not too harsh a judgment on me, Amoret.
Causes however slight do oft give birth to
The same effects as spring from weightier reasons.
The little burning taper's tremulous ray
And th' inexhaustible fount of fire which lives
And emanates from the great Sun, would move
The Dial's circling shadows equally.
And, if thy nature in itself be fickle,
Remember that the windy vane will veer
To the Heaven's lightest murmuring, as well as
To the strong tempest's chidings; one light word,

One thoughtless look, may lead frail spirits as far
As the vice pre-meditated.
Who shall know man, or freely explicate
The many folds of character? or who
Shall bear the lamp of subtle scrutiny
Into the deep recesses of the heart?
Each Being is a world within himself,
A complicated Engine, whose main springs
Are circumstance and habit, and were this space
Of limited life a chain of centuries,
And each particular minute o't employ'd
In the developing another's nature,
'Twere all too short for th' purpose.
I have liv'd long and shall live longer, I
Have mix'd with life in all its variations,
I have visited the camp, the court, the mob,
The riotous tavern, the unruly Hell,
The penetrated hovel, the high palace,
I have had friends and they were steadfast, enemies
And they were bitter—I have wandered far
From th' utmost Arctic to its opposite,
I have seen the thievish Russ, the crusty Spaniard,
The bold, brave Switzer, the freehearted Scot,
The musical Italian, the proud Angle,
The volatile, light-heeled Frank, the sleepy Turk,
The money-loving and broad bas'd Mynheer—

AMORET Illiberal innuendos and dark hints
Are gender'd of suspicion—she who views
All objects thro' a mighty magnifier
And multiplies to her diseased vision
Accumulation of anxieties.

MAGUS Well, Amoret, I will believe thee true

And faithful as the compass to the pole.
For in life's passage would I always look
Upon that side of things which sheweth fairest,
Else were our days but one continued gloom,
A weary scene of surmise and mistrust.
The breath of life blows chillingly enow
To nip our sweetest hopes, and heaven forefend
That we should waken bootless grievances—
When the keen Ether is condens'd with frost
Who would not cleave to th' sunny side o' the wall?
And hark ye, Amoret, one word of counsel!
Close thou thy casement early, nor look down
At sound of querulous serenade or flute
Wooing the dewy wings o' th' midnight air
To carry upwards on their whispering down
Unto the gaping portals of thine ears
Its soothing luxury of tender tone—
Regard not thou the glancing of the eye—
The pressure of the hand—the easy lapse
Of honey'd words from amatory lips—
All this regard not—Now farewell; may Heaven
And the good Saints protect thee!

[*Going*

AMORET The like wish
Attend thee on thy way!

MAGUS (*returning*) If I have said
Ought roughly or in anger—

AMORET Think not of it!
Once more farewell—

MAGUS Farewell, my own good Amoret,
And if my humour should sometimes show testy,

Impute it all unto the love I bear thee,
Which effervesceth of its own intensity,
And oftentimes mounts upwards and boils over
Because of its own fervour.

[*Exit*

AMORET . . Go thy ways!
Thou yellowest leaf on Autumn's wither'd tree!
Thou sickliest ear of all the sheaf! thou clod!
Thou fireless mixture of Earth's coldest clay!
Thou crazy dotard, crusted o'er with age
As thick as ice upon a standing pool!
Thou shrunken, sapless, wizen Grasshopper,
Consuming the green promise of my youth!
Go, get thee gone, and evil winds attend thee,
Thou antidote to love! thou bane of Hope,
Which like the float o' th' fisher's rod buoys up
The sinking line and by its fluctuations
Shows when the pang of Disappointment gnaws
Beneath it! But to me are both unknown:
I never more can hope and therefore never
Can suffer Disappointment.
He bears a charmed life and will outlast me
In mustiness of dry longevity,
Like some tough mummy wither'd, not decay'd—
His years are countless as the dusty race
That people an old Cheese and flourish only
In the unsoundest parts on't.
The big waves shatter thy frail skiff! the winds
Sing anything but lullabies unto thee!
The dark-hair'd Midnight grant no ray to thee,
But that of lightning, or the dreadful splendour
Of the conflicting wave! the red bolt scathe thee!

Why was I link'd with such a frowzy mate,
With such a fusty partner of my days?

SCENE V (*Enter* DEVIL)

[AMORET *shrieks, covers her face with her hand and runs to the door.* DEVIL *brings her back and forces her into a chair*

DEVIL Madam! What's this? What? Railing? Fie! for shame!
(Nay, sit you still and hear me.) Think you then
To play Xantippe with impunity,
Who gave her philosophical old spouse
So choice and delicate a water bath
To whet his appetite one frosty morning
Before his breakfast? Do you hearken to me?

AMORET Ye saints defend me—I shall die with terror.

DEVIL How, now, my dainty one, my delicate ward,
My pretty piece of frail mortality,
Where think you is the rendezvous of Saints,
Where their celestial club-room, that you make
A fretwork argent of your snowy fingers,
And cast your jetty pupils up on high
Until the blank, unanimated white
Usurps the field of vision?
A most unphilosophical conclusion!
Point thy hands downward, turn thine eyes to the floor!
There is a Heaven beneath this Earth as fair
As that which roofs it here.
Dost think that Heaven is local, and not rather
The omnipresence of the glorified
And liberated Spirit—the expansion

Of man's depress'd and fetter'd faculties
Into omniscience?

AMORET O ye Powers have mercy!

DEVIL Have mercy, quoth'a! when had thy tongue mercy
Upon thy betters, mistress? Curb it straightly,
'Tis the most dangerous member of the Body—
Unto the wise a blessing and a benefit,
A healing balm of mild Persuasion,
A sewer up of rents, sweet Pity's oracle,
A curber of dissension's contumely—
But in the mouth of the improvident
Worse than an Adder's fang.
It prompts the brain to hatch, the hand to execute,
The heart to shake off conscience and the back
To throw away the burden of restraint,
The saucy foot to spurn Authority.
Faith and troth, Madam, if my fates had bid me
To tread the thorny path of life with thee,
If the indissoluble, firm-knit chain
Of fixed alliance in its sacred bond
Had joined the fortune of thy stars with mine,
Would I become a target of your taunts?
The mark and butt of your unruly tongue?
Would I be baffled, like the idle wave
Fuming and fretting on a changeless rock,
Without the power to make impression
On the obdurate nature of the stone?
Would I be hurried like the dust of the earth
With every gale of passion to and fro,
Or be the plaything of your haughtiness
To gibe and sneer at?

AMORET Hence! Avaunt, foul fiend!
Bear hence the terrors of thy crooked horns
And the long windings of thy sinuous tail!
Oh! that I could speak Latin, whose magic sounds
And Elfin syllables might drive thee far
To thy remotest Hell.

DEVIL Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Now by my Devilship 'tis wondrous plain,
Plain as the polish of a marble floor,
Plain as the surface of a bowling green,
Plain as the nose upon a Negro's face,
That husbands are the veriest dolts in nature.
Ye henpeck'd mates, who, like insensate drones,
Doze out your sleepy melancholy days,
Who twist and twine beneath th' oppression
Of woman's will, did ever Nature leave
To man on earth a want unsatisfied?
Has she not planted in each towering hedge
That fronts the King's highway, in each green wood
That crowns the balmy summit of the hill
A sovereign remedy to curb the power
Of overbearing insolence and pride?
Ye are all wrapt in apathy, else where
Would ARGUMENTUM BACULINUM be?
'Tis a most delicate physic, suited to
All ages from the schoolboy to the wife.
It quickens business, makes the lazy blood,
Which heretofore was stagnant, circulate,
'Tis the primeval origin of virtue,
Moulding the mind to good, it checks the freaks
Of growing vice i' th' heart; corrects the hardness

Of our ferocious natures like the iron
Which when most beaten is most ductile; thus
Men's natures are all malleable: should'st thou use them
Mildly, they turn again and trample thee;
But should'st thou hold and rein them straitly in,
And curb the mettled nature of their spirits,
When first they leave life's starting-post, they fear thee,
And fearing honour, honouring obey thee,
Obeying, love thee. Honour, love and fear
All meet in a bamboo. Oh! Heaven and Earth!
Why wilt thou crouch and bow and lick the dust
Whereon thy consort treads? Beat back the stream
And to the violence of the ridgéd waves
Oppose the massy stonework of thy power,
Though for awhile it roar and bound above
The opposition of thy barrier—
Yet raise thy dam up higher—higher still—
Till the submissive stream with silent course
Seek its far fount. She'll never rave again,
Unless in negligence or flexibility
Of yielding nature thou should'st leave some avenue
To her insinuating and sapping force,
(Which will not leave one stone unturn'd, until
She doth recover her dominion)
Some faithless fissure or uncemented hole,
Whence her ebullient spirit may leap forth,
At first in an attenuated stream,
Unto new contest, and enlarging straightly
May hurry thy frail mound down its rough bed,

And leave thee with one finger in thine eye
To wail the pliability which led thee
To trust thus far.

AMORET I know not whence thou comest,
Nor who thou art, nor what thy message here,
Nor how I may exorcise thee, or drive
Thy troubled spirit to its biding-place.
If there be ought of pity in thy soul,
I do beseech thee leave me to my thoughts
And solitude.

DEVIL Thoughts! Thoughts! what thoughts are thine
But evil and dishonour?

AMORET Nay, I'll kneel
And pray thee to depart.

DEVIL Out on thee, woman!
Devils are faithful to their trust.

AMORET Alas!
Am I entrusted then to thee?

DEVIL Dost weep?
Is that a tear which stains thy cheek? Nay—now
It quivers at the tip-end of thy nose
Which makes it somewhat dubious from which feature
It first had issue.

AMORET I conjure thee—

DEVIL Tears!
The rain of sentiment, the dews of feeling,
The beads of sensibility!
They are the coinage of a single wish.
I know that ye can summon them at will.

They are a woman's weapons, sword and shield,
Wherewith she braves remonstrance and breaks hearts—
Those faithful sluices never are drawn dry.
Even the withering heat of passion
But leads them forth in greater plenitude.
What! more! I know ye can command them, woman,
Even to the precise number, ten or twenty,
As suits occasion—
More yet? Methinks the cavity o' thy skull
Is brine i' th' room o' brains. More yet? at this rate
You'd float a ship o' the line.
This is the cogent stream wherewith ye turn
The mill-wheel of men's love (whose motion
Guides all the inner workings o' the heart)
And grind what grist ye please.

AMORET I pray thee—

DEVIL Get thee to bed—yet stay—but one word more—
Let there be no somnambulations,
No colloquy of soft-tongued whisperings
Like the low hum of the delighted bee
I' th' calyx of a lily—no kerchief-waving!
No footfalls i' th' still night! Lie quietly,
Without the movement of one naughty muscle,
Still as a kernel in its stone, and lifeless
As the dull yoke within its parent shell,
Ere yet the *punctum saliens* vivify it.
I know ye are perverse, and ever wish,
Maugre my wholesome admonitions,

To run obliquely like the bishop at chess,
But I'll cry "check" to ye, I warrant ye
I'll prove a "stalemate" to ye.

AMORET (*half aside*)

In all conscience
My mate is stale enough.

DEVIL

Do'st mutter? how?
Would you outface the devil, Insolence?
Or tweak me like St. Dunstan by the nose,
Who scarified my smeller for a twelvemonth?
Who would cast seeds i' th' ocean? who would graft
Good counsel's fruits upon a stock so sterile?
Oh! Amoret! there is no honour in thee;
Thou art the painted vision of a dream,
Whose colours fade to nothing, a fair rainbow
Mocking the tantalized sight, an airy bubble,
O'er whose bright surface fly the hues of light,
As if to hide the nothingness within.
Few will bear sounding—cast the plummet in
And it will draw up mud, vile, worthless mud.
Gaze on the mirror of the silver lake
In its clear picture deftly pencilling
The soft inversion of the tremulous woods,
But probe it not to th' bottom—weeds, rank weeds,
Darkness and swarming reptiles harbour there.
Now go and ponder on my words. Begone.

[*Exit* AMORET

I am in troth a moralising devil,
Quite out o' my element; my element, fire.
Then come my spirit, with thy torch light up
The strongest flame of thine ability,

Use all thine efforts—work thy passage, as
The restless rushing of a fiery flood
Within the hollow and sonorous earth.
Now to my charge—I must be violent, fierce,
And put that ugly disposition on
Which is my portion by inheritance
From my great grandsire Lucifer—Good lack!
I'll make the scurvy-pated villains skip
As they were mad, e'en though they thronged about me,
As thick as Beelzebub on Beelzebub,
Alias as thick as horseflies on horse-dung.
'Twill be a troublesome office. Nay, by Phlegethon,
I'd rather be the chilly watch, whose voice
Sounds midnight through the length o' the hazy streets
In some great city, by the misty light
O' th' fumigated moon, than guard a woman.
When will the reign of feminine intrigues
Of female politics and folly cease?
It will be much about that time, methinks,
When this dark field of earth shall be sow'd thick
With the gay stars of Heav'n and the keen ploughshare
Shall trench deep furrows in the inverted sky;
When his triple mitred Holiness shall become
An arrant Protestant, and all their Eminences
Shall be *unboiled* into th' humility
Of black canonicals; when a second Becket
Shall thunder excommunication
From out his lordly see of Canterbury;

When Summer shall be Winter, and Spring
Autumn;
When cold shall rarify and heat condense;
When Almacks shall become the rendezvous
Of burly citizens and citizens' wives,
And Lady J—y wearied shall throw down
The reins of Fashion and—think better things;
When high soul'd man shall walk upon his head,
When Colonel B—y shall shake hands with
Decency
And read or write a sermon.
So! So! methinks in good truth I have hemm'd in
My proposition with a sweeping circle
Of insurmountable improbabilities.
Yon taper sinks i' th' socket; Time wears quickly,
Yet treads in shoes of felt. What is't o'clock?
[*Going to the timepiece*
Half after midnight! These mute moralizers,
Pointing to the unheeded lapse of hours,
Become a tacit eloquent reproach
Unto the dissipation of this Earth.
There is a clock in Pandemonium,
Hard by the burning throne of my Great Grand-
sire,
The slow vibrations of whose pendulum,
With click-clack alternation to and fro,
Sound "EVER, NEVER!" thro' the courts of Hell,
Piercing the wrung ears of the damn'd that writhe
Upon their beds of flame, and, whensoe'er
There may be short cessation of their wailings,
Through all the boundless depth of fires is heard
The shrill and solemn warning "EVER, NEVER."

Then bitterly, I trow, they turn and toss
And shriek and shout, to drown the thrilling note—

[*Looking again at the timepiece*

Half after midnight! Wherefore stand I here?
Methinks my tongue runs twenty knots an hour:
I must unto mine office.

[*Exit abruptly*

ACT II

SCENE I [MAGUS'S *cottage with the wood and lake in the distance. Enter* DEVIL *and takes his station before the cottage door attired in a cap and gown*

DEVIL The starry fires of yon Chrystalline vault
Are waning, and the airy-footed Night
Will soon withdraw the dismal solitude
Of her capacious pall, wherewith she clouds
Yon mighty and illimitable sky,
Placing a death-like colour in all things,
Monopolizing all the varied Earth
With her dim mantle—

[*A pause*

Oh! ye eyes of Heaven,
Ye glorious inextinguishable lights,
High blazing mid the lone solemnity
Of night and silence, shall the poor worm, Man,
The creature of this solitary earth,
Presume to think his destiny enroll'd
In your almighty everlasting fires?
Shall this poor thing of melancholy clay,
This lone ephemeris of one small hour,
Proudly suppose his little fate inscribed
In the magnificent stars? What have the worlds
Of yon o'er arching Heav'n—the ample spheres
Of never-ending space, to do with Man?
And some romantick visionaries have deem'd
This petty clod the centre of all worlds.
Nay—even the Sun himself, the gorgeous Sun,

Pays homage to it. Ha! Ha! Ha! Poor Man,
Thou summer midge!—Oh, ye shine bravely now
Through the deep purple of the summer sky,
I know that ye are Earths as fair and fairer
And mightier than this I tread upon—
For I have scaled your mountains, to whose cones
Of most insuperable altitude
This Earth's most glorious Eminences and heights
All pil'd and heap'd upon each other's brows,
And massed and kneaded to one common substance,
Were but a molehill.
And I have swum your boundless seas, whose waves
Were each an ocean of this little orb,
Yet know I not your natures, or if that
Which we call palpable and visible
Is condensation of firm particles.
O suns and spheres and stars and belts and systems,
Are ye or are ye not?
Are ye realities or semblances
Of that which men call real?
Are ye true substance? are ye anything
Except delusive shows and physical points
Endow'd with some repulsive potency?
Could the Omnipotent fill all space, if ye
Or the least atom in ye or the least
Division of that atom (if least can dwell
In infinite divisibility) should be impenetrable?
I have some doubt if ye exist when none
Are by to view ye; if your Being alone

Be in the mind and the intelligence
Of the created? should some great decree
Annihilate the sentient principle
Would ye or would ye not be non-existent?
'Tis a shrewd doubt—

[*A sound of footsteps heard*
But softly! who comes here?
What stealthy foot invades these secret woods?
'Tis some Alcinoüs or Eurymedon
Who haunts this wild and wanton Amoret!
Perchance some smooth-chinn'd Tyro just emerging
From Hobbledehoyhood's twilight, and elated
With the dark sproutings of incipient beard,
Or some sleek monk enveloping the bronze
Of his dark cheek beneath his rusty cowl.
Now will I cloak myself, and thus conceal
This grim, fantastic nose and these wide lips,
That staring shew the black and knotty teeth
That fence my jaws like hedge-stakes (I have lost
Much of original beauty since my fall),
Now will I smooth the harshness of my voice
Into a feminine croak, tuck up my tail,
And thus unsex myself.

[*Draws the hood over his face*

SCENE II *Enter* ANTONIO

ANTONIO Ye gracious Heav'ns
Is't Amoret, the rosebud of whose cheeks
Is preferable to a suit at Law
Successfully unravell'd—the rich sound
Of whose harmonious and most silver voice
Steals sweeter on mine ear than does the chink
Of golden or of silver boys* wrung out
From the hard client's gripe—whose delicate smile
Is worth a ten day's fee? So! here I come
To pay my devoirs at the shrine of beauty.
For this, as soon as e'er the deep-mouth'd voice
Of the most lonely tempest ceas'd to shake
Heaven's pillars of the solid earth, I paced
This wild and marshy wood; for this have burrs
Clung to me as thou seest, more in number
Than cases in the Court of Common Pleas;
For this the drizzly trees and dripping shrubs
Shower'd on me as I hurried past, more thickly
Than diamonds on a birthnight.

DEVIL (*speaking in an undertone*) Gentle Sir,
You overrate yourself. True love had scorn'd
The petty hindrances of wind and weather—
Gods! why a lover is all heat and fire,
A mustard pot, a very pepper-box,
And his internal warmth of temperament
Might guard him from external cold—Ay! though
Thou had'st bolted thro' the very teeth o' the storm
Bareheaded, every gusty drop of Heav'n

* "Yellow Boys"—early slang for guineas.—ED.

Had run off hissing from thy glowing surface,
As from a bar of red hot iron. Believe me,
If thou wert a true lover, wind and rain
Would have no power on thee. 'Twas never known
That one who lov'd most ardently and truly
Was ever laid up for a single se'nnight
With a red nose.

ANTONIO Now on mine honour—

DEVIL Prithee,
If thou desirest ought of credit with me,
Most commendable and good Antonio,
Swear not upon thine honour! It is rare
With those of thy most honourable cut,
As is the desert fire-born biped sprung
From its own ashes. If thou swearest, swear
By that thou lovest best.

ANTONIO Then by my fees—

DEVIL Ay—there the right nail's struck upon the head.

ANTONIO Or by thy dearer self—

DEVIL Now, prithee, lie not,
Keep thy first oath—thy fees are dearer to thee.

ANTONIO Well, by my fees (that I may honour thee
And put an end to dissertation)
I know a most true lover Leontio,
That hath a nose as red as a skinned eel
Or pickled cabbage steeped in vinegar,
And flaming as a scarlet mailed lobster,
Although he hath a lady in his head.

DEVIL Then it proceedeth from the warmth within,
Not from the cold without.

ANTONIO How prove you that,
Fair Amoret? the case is clearly mine,

Let A be then the heart and B the nose,
True love is centre'd in the heart. What then?
It follows that the heat's in A the heart
And not in B the nose—PROBATUM EST.

DEVIL Good Sir, the case is this—the lover's heart
Is so o'ercharged with the secret flames
That do consume its melancholy core,
That all the superfluity of love,
And the redundant heat, escaping thence,
Take up their station in the lover's nose
Which thence doth show like beetroot.

ANTONIO SATIS EST;
A truce to dissertation. Let us use
More soft discussion, gentle paramour.
Gaze all around thee—see yon canopy
Of the eternal boundless Heavens—yon host
Of all the congregated stars—this earth,
This fair green plain of the luxuriant earth—
Breathe, fair one, breathe the soul inspiring air
Full of the all-heavenly incense wafted from
The groves, the fruits, the gaily-blooming flowers,
Which the rough tempest hath but wak'd to beauty
More fresh than heretofore. Is this a time
For disputation? Starlight, incense, flowers,
And two young loving hearts!

DEVIL Talk not of love,
Thou need'st must wait cessation of the storm—

ANTONIO What, harping on th' old string again?

DEVIL Ay, Sirrah,
Did not Leander swim the roaring main,
The boundless Hellespont (as Homer calls it)
On such a dark and dismal night as this was

Half one good hour ago?

ANTONIO And perish'd too.

DEVIL Go to—thou art no lover!

ANTONIO Thou beliest me—
I am an honest, true and proper lover,
A gentle, comely, comfortable lover,
A well-proportion'd and most gracious lover,
As ever woman set her eyes upon.

DEVIL Thou knowest that my spouse did journey hence
At midnight, yet dids't thou delay thy coming
Until the storm had swept above thine head.

ANTONIO Inimitable mistress of my heart,
I sate in judgment on my love and judged it,
I issued out a WRIT against my conscience,
And sent a MITTIMUS unto my soul,
I tried and prov'd it thoroughly and found
That it was free from blame—PROBATUM EST.
But come, unveil those eyes, whose dazzlingness
Shoots forth more deadly and more certain shafts
Than those the curly-headed Indian sends
By force of breath from out the echoing tube.

DEVIL 'Tis a chill night—I fear the damp—I cannot
Uncloak myself in such wise.

ANTONIO Will it please you
To enter in?

DEVIL Proceed! I follow thee.

ANTONIO Thy deeds do give the lie unto thy tongue,
Thou art as motionless as Lot's wife.

DEVIL Begone,
On pain of my displeasure—hie thee hence—
I will attend thee in as many moments

As there are peas in a pod or teats upon
The gentle cow's most elegant dugs, or on
Old ALMA MATER,* which are two or three—
Albeit she hath the credit for some dozens.
[*Exit* ANTONIO *into the Cottage.* DEVIL
throws up his hood and proceeds

SCENE III.

DEVIL Now, most sweet Sir, I have thee,
Thou shalt repent of thine audacity
Wherewith upheld, thus buoyantly and highly,
Thou spurrest thy desire to lawless deeds
Of bronze-brow'd arrogance, and darest thus
To climb into the solitary fold
Of thy good neighbour, and to cull the fleece
Which he esteemeth best—but I will prove
No tame, submissive, crouching centinel:
But I will take such fearful hold on thee,
As doth the wayward irritable crab
On the poor traveller—thou art thoughtless, young,
Full of high mettled hopes, hot blooded, sanguine,
With haughty self-sufficiency of nature,
Which is the attribute of thy green years
That brook not sober meditation.
Visions of happiness do float before thee,
Gay-gilded figures and most eloquent shapes,
Moulded by Fancy's gentle fingering
To the appearance of reality,
With youthful expectations and fond dreams,

* The Goddess Rhea or Cybele, wife of Saturn and mother of the Gods, often represented with a number of breasts as an emblem of fertility.—ED.

All rendered sunlike by the light of youth,
Which glances on them, flit before thine eyes:
But these shall be pinch'd out of thee ere morn—
There shall be no sound place within thy person;
Thou shalt be all the colours of the rainbow,
With bruises, pinches, weals, ET COETERA;
And various as the motley colour'd slime,
Which floats upon the standing pool, wherein
Do breed all kinds of reptiles—creeping things,
Vile jellies and white spawn and loathsome newts.
But come descend, thou penthouse:
[*Draws down his hood*
Hither comes
One Pharmaceutus an apothecary,
A mad, drug-dealing, vile apothecary—
A thing of gallipots and boluses,
Lean, lanthorn-jaw'd, splay handed, pasty fac'd,
Hard favour'd and loose-jointed, ill proportion'd,
Whose hips do roll on castors, and whose love
Is nauseous as his physic—Faugh! I know not
How I can keep my character. But here
He comes and brings his fetid atmosphere
About his person.

SCENE IV *Enter* PHARMACEUTUS.

Welcome, gentle Sir.

PHARMACEUTUS Welcome, fair lady, may the bloom of joy
And the medicinal virtue of all health
Spread the fair carpet of thy roseate face
With its gay colouring.

DEVIL (*aside*) How cursedly
He stinks of assafœtida. Art cold?
Dost shake and shiver?
PHARMACEUTUS Marry do I.
DEVIL What?
Dids't not escape the tempest?
PRARMACEUTUS No, i' faith,
I am half palsied with frigidity,
I'm below zero, I am perfect ice
Congeal'd to all intents and purposes,
My nose, my ears, and each particular toe,
Will quit their station—hark! my grinders chatter
Like castanets, or fulling mills. Let's in—
And hark ye, some of Magus's brown stout;
I'll smoke a pipe of comfortable shag-tail
By the fireside with thee. Wilt let us in?
DEVIL Ay, presently.
PHARMACEUTUS 'Sdeath, Madam, instantly!
Or thaw me with a look, a loving look
From the full lustre of thy melting eyes!
'Sblood! thou art hooded and pent up as tightly
As a sea-urchin.
DEVIL Is't not fitting, prithee?
Dids't thou not talk of nose dropping?
PHARMACEUTUS Ay, Madam,
The storm hath left a chill i' the air, 'tis damp,
Rheumatic mists are whitening in the marshes,
And pale-fac'd Ague wanders all abroad.
But let us enter; eh?
[*Here* ANTONIO *half opens the cottage door and exclaims*
ANTONIO Where art thou, fair one?

DEVIL Here, sirrah, with this gentleman!

ANTONIO (*coming forward*) How now!
What! with this scurvy rascal, this poor drug,
This compound of all ugliness, this dog,
This Ipecacuanha, this emetic,
This wall-eyed monster, this anomaly,
This piece of speckled parchment, this vile patchwork,
Whose sallow and carbuncled face resembles
A red design upon a yellow ground?

PHARMACEUTUS Pills! plasters! powders! poultices! what now!

ANTONIO Sirrah! I'll knock thy grinders down thy throat.

PHARMACEUTUS (*staggering backwards*)
Bole*! Borax! Blister! Balsam! Bark! What now?

ANTONIO Thou hocus-pocus of deformity!
Thou scum! thou outcast of society!

PHARMACEUTUS Galls! Garlick! ginger! guiacum! what now?

ANTONIO I'll punch thee into jelly—scatter thee
To the four Winds of Heav'n—thou scarecrow, thou!

DEVIL Good words—sweet words, Antonio, prithee.

PHARMACEUTUS Bless thee,
My honey of squills, my oil of almonds, bless thee!
Thou hast a good heart.

ANTONIO How! you sorry rascal!
Do you make love to the lady?

PHARMACEUTUS Mercy on us!

* "Bole armeniac"—an astringent earth brought from Armenia and used as an astringent and styptic.—ED.

The man is mad—he must be blooded.

ANTONIO How
Do'st prate, thou vile anatomy? Bind up
Thy jaws or by the Devil and his dam
I'll make a gap within thy villainous throat
And pour libations of thy wretched blood
Unto this Goddess. What! thou fulsome scrag!
Woulds't thou make love with that untoward chin
Hook'd and turn'd upwards like a Chinese shoe?

PHARMACEUTUS Beshrew my heart but thou art wondrous mad,
Mad as a March hare, and as hot as Cowhage*
Without molasses.

ANTONIO Hang dog!

DEVIL Peace, Antonio!
Why, thou art 80, man, by Reaumur's scale,
And more than twice as much by Fahrenheit,
And the unconquerable turbulence
And violent usage of your fiery temper,
Expanded by the heat of passion,
Will burst the tube of temperance. Methinks
I am afraid to look upon you, lest
Your head should part in twain, and thence should issue
The subtle fluid which distends you so.

ANTONIO Thou fairest excellence of what is most
Excelling in all nature! loveliest mixture
Of all that is most lovely! is it tolerable
That this sad miscreant, this uncouth Behemoth,

* "Cowhage"—a tropical plant *Mucuna pruriens,* with stinging hairs on its pods, used medicinally.—ED.

Thus monstrous in his vanity of mind,
And loathsome in deformity of person,
Each, render'd still more horrible by each,
When thus contrasted—is it tolerable
That he should raise the base and abject scum
Of his vile thoughts so high, and thus presume
To come within the rich and glorious sphere
Of thine attractions? Fie! it must not be.

DEVIL Did I not say that thou wert hotly rais'd
By thine inexorable fire of anger
As high as "WATER-BOIL"?

ANTONIO No—by the Law!
It is but "SUMMER-HEAT."

DEVIL I prithee cloak not
Thy faults beneath the colouring of fair names,
Nor modify the wild unevenness
Of thy capricious disposition
With sounds of softest import: for i'faith
Thy Spirits boil at least!

ANTONIO That fusty wretch
Hath roused them up to fermentation.

PHARMACEUTUS Sir,
You are as bitter as Alum.

ANTONIO You, as foul
As your own fœtid pills.

PHARMACEUTUS And you as brisk
As bottled beer.

ANTONIO Do you chop logic with me
You dunderhead?

PHARMACEUTUS Who? I, Sir? No, Sir.

ANTONIO Sirrah!
If thou presumest to give thy fool's tongue

The damning license of a repartee,
I'll have the substance of thy cursed brains
Pounded and beat up in a red-hot mortar
And with a burning pestle; of thine hide
Will I make ass-skin breeches.

PHARMACEUTUS Mercy on us!
The man is hypochondriack or hysterical—
Here! here! bring spirits of hartshorn and burnt feathers
And clap hot bricks to 's feet!

ANTONIO I'll knit thee up,
And thou shalt hang in the mid-air as prettily
As a vile cur that sucks hen's eggs, while I
Will sing thy parting elegy, and thou
Shalt beat the due observance of the time
With thy unwieldy toes! Thou shalt be balanc'd
As neatly as a difficult case between
Two able pleaders!

DEVIL Fie, Antonio, fie!
Excess of violence becomes thee not,
It sits as ill upon thy shoulders as
Love on an old maid with a hump-back.

ANTONIO Or
On this same Pharmaceutus. Ha! ha! ha!

PHARMACEUTUS Now by Hippocrates, by Galen, Celus
And the great Boerhaave—the dazzling sun
And star of Medical science—I do think
Thy wits are on the turn. Let's feel thy pulse,
Is't feverish or low? Give me a fleshbrush
That I may rub thee into sense—

ANTONIO How now!

Thou most illiterate whelp, thou bristly cub,
Whom thy great Mother Bear hath never lick'd
To ought that may be called proportion!
Why! thou dead idiot, woulds't thou thus behave
As I were mad? in troth and faith I were so
If I should bear with thee. I should deserve
Commission of lunacy preferr'd against me
By the Lord Mayor.

PHARMACEUTUS Fair Sir, I do presume
That you have heard the useful apothegm
That "Anger is short madness."

ANTONIO Villainous wretch—

PHARMACEUTUS Here! pills of aloes! rhubarb! spanish soap!

ANTONIO Woulds't thou not madden ought beneath the sun
With thine accursed clucking?

PHARMACEUTUS Gentle Sir,
Be not enraged—the stormy voice of wrath,
The lifting of the hand, the clenched fist,
And the wild glare of the tumultuous eye,
The broken interrupted words, which sound
Hollowly, like a bruis'd tin-kettle—

ANTONIO Oaf!

PHARMACEUTUS Th' inflation of the fiery cheeks, blown up
With wind of idle passion, whence proceeds
The flushing of the face like the red clouds
Upon a blowy morning—

ANTONIO Loon!

DEVIL Be still,
Antonio, let us hear him out.

PHARMACEUTUS All these
Betoken anger which is madness. These
Disorder all the animal functions, these
Puzzle the progress of the chyle* and hurt
The process of digestion.
ANTONIO Curses on thee!
When the next sessions sit, i' faith I'll have thee
Indicted for a publick nuisance to
His Majesty's loving subjects.
PHARMACEUTUS Now, by Galen,
Thou art as fine a subject for Phlebotomy
As ever came to my inspection.
I prithee let me breathe a vein, 'twill do thee
An ample service.
[*Here* ANTONIO *raises his fist to strike him*
No—no—not the hand!
I never bleed there, look ye, here's my instrument,
The neck, the nape o' th' neck, Sir!
ANTONIO The grim'd Imps
Of Hell arrest thee at the Devil's suit!
The red fiend ride thee into Chancery,
Which is the worst curse I can vent upon thee!
DEVIL A most ungentlemanly wish, Antonio,
Deserving objurgation—A propos,
The Devil is an ill thing to be jested with;
What if he should be standing by thee now,
Speaking as I do—dress'd as I am? What
If HIS TENEBRIOUS BITUMENSHIP
Should be in hearing o' thee?
ANTONIO Why, my Amoret,
Thou art an angel and he dare not venture—

* "Chyle"—intestinal fluid.—ED.

DEVIL A fallen one, I grant ye.

ANTONIO If a fallen one,
So many sparks of thine ethereal nature
Yet linger round thee as to make thy presence
A portion of the Heaven thou hast fallen from.

DEVIL Older and wiser, my good counsellor,
An hour may change thy humour.

ANTONIO Ay, the section
Of one small minute (if 'twere spent with thee)
Nay, the minutest point of time in which
The inconceivable velocity
Of light can travel thro' one barley-corn
Of the blue Ether, were enough to raise me
(Providing always it were spent with thee)
From out my present humour, which is that
Of the strong sea when in its ridg'd advance
Bruised by the inroad of a vassal river,
Or an enchaféd plaintiff face to face
With the defendant.

DEVIL In the mind of youth
And pertinacious inexperience
A hasty judgment sheweth like green fruit!
The more unripe and immature it be,
The harder clings it to its parent bough.

ANTONIO Thou art the first o' thy sex that e'er found fault with
The judgment of that man who call'd thee "Angel."
I am immutable in nothing, save
The love I bear thee—but behold who is't
Comes swaggering hither? Why, what wants he here?

Methinks he seems a sailor by his swing;
His hat is cocked obliquely on his brow,
One eye is null and void or shut in waggery,
The never failing tokens of a rascal—
His arms are fix'd a kimbo, his left cheek
Protruded by a quid—what varlet's this?
Why wends he hither?

SCENE VI *Enter* STEPHANIO.

STEPHANIO Blood and thunder, messmates,
It seems I've run aground here.

ANTONIO True!

PHARMACEUTUS Ay, true!

ANTONIO How! dost thou stand in bodily fear of us?

STEPHANIO No, by the Devil and his dam!

DEVIL (*aside*) That's I
And mother Hecate.

ANTONIO How is then thy case
So ruinous and unwholesome?

STEPHANIO Split my timbers!
Thou art a lawyer and thus ruinous,
And thou a nauseous apothecary,
And thus unwholesome. Why! we sailors call
Our sharks, sea-lawyers, and our lump fish, doctors.
Have I run foul of ye? how got ye first
Ahead o' me? Why! I came cutting hither
With a fresh breeze i' my stern.

ANTONIO With what intent?

STEPHANIO Bound from the cape of hope to th' port of love,
To win the prize in yon rich galleon there.

ANTONIO What! can the heavenly essence of high love
And all the little tendernesses, which
Make up the catalogue of love, inhabit
Such tenement as that thy breast affords?
Why, art thou bona fide then in love?
STEPHANIO I tell thee, fellow, I'm half drown'd in love.
ANTONIO I'faith! I see that thou art half seas over.
STEPHANIO How! you landlubber, do you banter me?
My senses are all founder'd in deep love,
My cables rotted and my timbers beaten
In by the force of love!
ANTONIO And wilt thou place
Thy claim in opposition to mine?
Oyer and terminer! what misdemeanour
Wilt thou be guilty of?
STEPHANIO And who art thou?
Thou cock-boat—thou poor cock-boat—thou mere shallop
Varnished and painted, whose weak delicate planks
Would shrink beneath a cap full o' wind!
PHARMACEUTUS But I—
STEPHANIO And thou, sad, leaky, crack'd and bulging hull,
Wilt thou too tow thy sluggishness within
Reach of my bomb-shot?
ANTONIO Marry! here come more
To stretch the thread of my poor Patience
Into so thin and spidery a fibre
That it will crack, unless the vexing grasp
Of these uncomely interruptions

Relax the hold they've ta'en on't—
What man of points is this who cometh first,
In whose whole stature is no wavy line,
No flexure but what is abrupt and sudden?
His eyebrows have no arch, his hair is gather'd
Conewise upon his squar'd and narrow brow,
His thin dry lips seem parallel straight lines,
His red and angular and shapeless nose
Shows like a Gyron* gules in Heraldry,
And his sharp chin so narrow'd to a point,
That if 'twere possible his neck could bend
'Twould perforate and pierce his collar bone.

SCENE VII *Enter* ANGULO, CAMPANO, BENEDICT

ANGULO Most glorious luminary, round whose light,
Attracted by thy Majesty of Grace
We make our lowly revolutions,
Exert not thy centrifugal force upon me
But gently lead me to thee, by the power
Of thy centripetal might, that so I may
By due progression fall within thine arms!

CAMPANO 'Faith, 'tis a garrison well 'curtainéd'!
And it hath much of 'crown-work'!

STEPHANIO So say I.
Ho! Madam, lower your colours!

ANGULO Prithee, heed us
Nor shroud thyself in envious eclipse!

* "Gyron"—an "ordinary" of triangular shape used in Heraldry.—ED.

Thou seest we encompass thee like satellites!

DEVIL Right, Angulo! and, sooth, it gratifies
My woman's vanity to see ye stand thus,
Myself the centre of the circle which
My charms have bow'd unto my vassalage!
But there be those among you upon whom
My looks fall distantly, and those on whom
The soft expression of mine eyes emits
A nearer and more partial ray.

ANGULO Nay, pardon me—
The radii of a circle are all equal
Unto each other, my good Amoret,
The centre of it equally remov'd
From any point in the periphery.

BENEDICT Take heed not of the ungodly! I do come
To give thee ghostly consolation,
But find thee thus encircled with a crew
Of most ungracious sinners, led astray
By machinations of the evil one.

DEVIL (*aside*) True to a hair!

BENEDICT Now, by our blessed Lady,
Hearken not to these fleshly minded men,
Vessels of wrath, the stumbling-blocks of life,
(Whom God requite hereafter for their deeds!)
But let us go and count our beads together.
I have a piece of the true cross, inclosed
In chrystal, which I'll show thee.

[*Pulling* DEVIL *after him*

STEPHANIO Avast! avast! hi!
Get under weigh, my lads! what all at anchor?
Yare! yare! you see he's towing her away.

CAMPANO (*to* BENEDICT)
And so you think to carry it by sap;
We'll countermine you though. Halt, holy rascal!
BENEDICT Ave Maria! what a speech was that!
Off, sinner! look ye! here's the blessed Virgin!
[*Shewing her image*
Woulds't thou impede the saving of a soul?
ANTONIO Why, who art thou, who with thy raiséd forehead,
Curl'd lip, and archéd brow, woulds't beat us back,
Squinting thro' thy green leeky eyes, and shaking
Thy carroty locks, thus smoothly combed upon
Thine austere front—who treadest on this earth
As though thou wert not of it? who art thou?
BENEDICT One that would hold no converse with thee. Off!
My soul rejects thee, sinner, and my hair
Doth bristle at thy gross impiety, like
Some baited Boar when blown on by the breathings
Of the rude dog.
ANTONIO Thou hog in high wind!
Thou barrel-bellied sanctity!
BENEDICT Avaunt!
You excommunicated heretic!
ANTONIO Oh! you tithe pig, and you would worm your way
With that demurity of countenance,
That frozen simulation of innocence
Into your neighbour's strongholds?
CAMPANO Not so fast, sir,
We'll stick a *cheval de frise* within the breach
And beat him backward.

BENEDICT (crossing himself)
Ave Maria! what a speech was that!
Off, sinner! look ye, here's the blessed Virgin (shewing her image)
Would'st thou impede the saving of a soul?

ANTONIO
Why who art thou, who with thy raised front forehead
Curl'd lip & arched brow would'st beat us back
-quenting thro' thy green leeky eyes & shaking
Thy carroty locks, thus smoothly comb'd upon
Thine austere front — who treadest on this earth
As though thou wert not of it? Who art thou?

BENEDICT
One that would hold no converse with thee. Off!

CAMPANO
Hear, hear! he braves us.

STEPHANIO
Board him.

ANGULO
Warring planets!
Here's bullying Mars (TO STEPHANIO) & Mercury, prince of thieves
And this old crafty Saturn (to Benedict) all at variance (To Antonio)
For Venus!

DEVIL
Gentlemen, this is not fitting
That ye with noisy & contentious brawls
And dissonance of tongues thus disturb
The sober, drowsy, stealthy-footed night.
And rudely wake her echoes, shaking thus
These peaceful dew-drops from the boughs above us
Rather come in & if ye be inclin'd
To exalt your voices send them forth in songs
Glees, catches, merry madrigals, & such like

ANGULO Warring planets!
Here's bullying MARS with front as red as fire.
Here's Mercury and he's the hottest o' ye
And also as they say, the prince of thieves
With this old crafty Saturn who exceedeth
The rest in bulk, and all at variance
For Venus—why, who'll square the difference?
STEPHANIO The ship yaws.
DEVIL Gentlemen, this is not fitting
That ye with noisy and contentious brawls
And dissonance of tongues should thus disturb
The sober, drowsy, stealthy-footed night,
And rudely wake her echoes, shaking thus
These peaceful dewdrops from the boughs above us.
Rather come in and, if ye be inclin'd
To exalt your voices, send them forth in songs,
Glees, catches, merry madrigals, and such like
'Till the roof totter o'er ye!
BENEDICT Be it so.
'Tis good to be afflicted. I will enter.
ANTONIO The Devil take the hindmost!
DEVIL Well said, lawyer!
[*Exeunt into the Cottage. Manet* DEVIL

Scene VIII

DEVIL O Race of Vipers, what should hinder me
From crushing ye to nothing? O vile wasps,
That flying round the honey'd vase dispute
Who first shall dare immersion, could I take ye
And dashing ye upon the earth could bruise
Each impotent passion out o' ye, 'twere well;
But if I left one spark of life in ye,
The slightest glimmerings of existence, straightly
Your teeming and prolific brains would hatch
Conceptions of new vice, and, by and by,
When the strong hand of chastisement relax'd,
Ye would run down the steep ascent again
Into the sink from whence ye were exalted,
And would return to the forbidden thing
With renovated zest. In after life
Were punishment the herald of reform
Th' infliction o't were good: but who shall fashion
Clay that is hard and untenacious?
Reform is rarer seen in after-life
Than a rose i' th' brows of winter. Hark! I hear ye
Head over ears in controversy and strife,
I must unto ye and at any rate
I'll thwart your present schemings—
Bluebeard and Hickathrift! but I'll kick up
The Devil of a Row, or more correctly
The Row of a Devil.
Belial, Abaddon, Astaroth, Asmodeus,
Turn up your smoky eyes, ingrained with soot,
And envy me the pranks which I shall play.
Said I, Asmodeus? 'faith, he was a craven and a
ninny and scar'd with the fume of fish-liver,

which I do much marvel, whether it were own'd by Pike, Turbot, Salmon, or Sturgeon—or what fish liver ever possessed such puissant and devil-driving abilities. But, by Styx, they may broil half the fry that swims, before my Devilship would budge an inch.

[*Exit into the Cottage*

ACT III

SCENE I (*A room in the cottage, a table laid out with meats, wines, etc.* DEVIL, ANTONIO, PHARMACEUTUS, STEPHANIO, ANGULO, CAMPANO *and* BENEDICT *at table*)

DEVIL Here! push the bottle to Antonio,
He's a choice spirit, whose wit shows brightest when
Burnish'd by wine. Drink sippingly, but not
So as to surfeit th' senses; only kindle
The combination of images
From whose collision leaps the brilliant spark
Of Heaven-born wit.

ANTONIO Fair Amoret, I drink
Unto the absence of thy loving husband.
[*To* STEPHANIO
Hark ye, Stephanio, ply the Monk with wine,
Mellow his austere nature.

STEPHANIO Mr. Benedict
The bottle is with you.

BENEDICT With me! O Shame!
Take it away! it doth pollute mine eye-sight.
The simple mountain stream that gusheth down
The cavern doth suffice my natural wants
And the few roots that spring uncultivated.

ANTONIO Tush! man, thy fair round juicy corporation
Doth give the lie unto thine utterance!

An thou wert buried underneath an oak
It were the goodliest tree in Christendom.

STEPHANIO 'Tis a fine cargo of guts.

ANGULO That is as plain
As that two straight lines can't enclose a space,
The angles of his elbows and his knees
And all the other angles of his person
Are all obtuse. Good living hath worn down
Their natural acuteness. Both his haunches
Are as the segments of a circle.

BENEDICT Faugh!

ANGULO And each particular hair upon his scull
Makes up the shortest distance 'tween two points.*

BENEDICT Avaunt! the upright shall not soil his speech
To answer to th' ungodly.

STEPHANIO Ay, is't so?
Then, Master Benedict, d'ye hear, bring to,
Unless thy weighty flanks desire bombardment,
Although, i' faith, good Nature gave thy carcase
Broadside enough. But, rot me, once for all
Drink or be d—d.

BENEDICT The righteous were made
To suffer persecution.

STEPHANIO Drink on—

BENEDICT Hush!
Blast not my hearing with thine obscene oaths.
Sooner than listen to them, I, by drinking,

* *I.e.* are combed exactly straight upon his forehead. This is the definition which Archimedes gives of a straight line.—A. T.

Will do a violence unto my nature—
Not that I love the carnal taste of wine,
For the Lord knows I'll only wet my lips
That I may stop your execrations.
[*Drinks off the bumper*

ANTONIO Bravo! take heed, he only wets his lips!

PHARMACEUTUS A little wine in moderation
Doth brace the nerves and lend the flagging spirits
A healthful tonic and decent gaiety.

ANTONIO Would it could brace thy person.

PHARMACEUTUS Or mend thy temper.

ANTONIO Make thy hips firmer.

PHARMACEUTUS Or thy tongue less voluble.

DEVIL Fie, Gentlemen, no brawls!

STEPHANIO Fair Excellence,
Thou hast held out long enough. I prithee now
Capitulate on honourable terms,
Disclose the dazzling windows of thine eyes,
Display the rosy banners of thy cheeks,
And open the port cullis of thy lips,
Within whose crimson tenement are rang'd
Thine ivory files of teeth. Consider, prithee,
How shall the airy ardent kiss make way
Through the thick folds of that dark veil, which bars
All access to the fortress of thy soul.

ANTONIO Ay! Ay! unveil.

ANGULO Disperse thy 'nebulæ.'

DEVIL Ay and the *nebulones** that surround me.

ANTONIO Thou wert not used to such reservedness—

* *Nebulones*—Latin word meaning idle rascals.—ED.

Veil versus BEAUTY is a case which will
Admit of many pleadings.

DEVIL 'Troth, I dare not
Unveil lest ye should quarrel for my nose.
(*Aside*) (No fear of that methinks) and make partition
Of all the other features of my face.

ANGULO And think you that we would bisect your visage?

ANTONIO Will you not face us?

DEVIL Nay, I cannot countenance ye.

ANTONIO Prithee unveil! why, only double-faces
Do lurk beneath a veil.

DEVIL And said I not
You wish'd to halve my physiognomy?
You hint that I am double-faced and hence
'Tis plain you wish that half my face were off.

ANGULO Equals from equals taken remain equals.

DEVIL Let me have no divisions on the point.

ANGULO A point hath neither parts nor magnitude,
Thy face hath both and therefore is no point.

DEVIL From thine own wit I judge thy wit is pointless,
For thou hast parts and therefore lackest point.

ANTONIO How should his inability proceed
From his ability? If he hath parts
Then is he not without ability,
But if his language hath no point in it,
Then his ability is null and void.

ANGULO Which is absurd.

ANTONIO Can'st solve it?

ANGULO I say still
A point hath neither parts nor magnitude—

DEVIL But this is size-point and hath parts and magnitude.

ANTONIO Thou art as full of point as a woolcard, Amoret.

DEVIL But you are 'contre-point' and meet me halfway.

CAMPANO The devil take discussion—that bears point-blank.

STEPHANIO I wish the *point* were *doubled.*

ANTONIO Nay, i' faith
We've had enough on't.
[*Here* BENEDICT *helps himself*
What, old Confidence,
Thou top and Pink of all Morality,
Thy taste improves then. Marry, but I had
Some shrewd suspicion that that demi-circle
Of entrails was bow'd out with better stuff
Than herb and biscuit.

BENEDICT A—avaunt I—I will not heed the unrighteous.

ANTONIO Thou dost not like the *carnal* taste of wine?

ANGULO How the saint reels about his centre of gravity,
His spine subtends an arc of ninety degrees.

STEPHANIO 'Faith he hath no small matter in his hold,
He'd keep both pumps at work, I warrant him.

DEVIL I pray ye, Gentlemen, give ear to me,
It is my wish that e'er I do unveil

The ineffable magic of my charms, that each
In turn should chaunt some love lorn madrigal
Some amorous ditty which may give him scope
To laud with Love's exaggeration
Unto the height of his ability
My loveliness of feature: after which
To him whose strains are sweetest and whose praise
Sounds softest to the ear of vanity
I purpose the unveiling of my beauty
And will admit him to snatch as many kisses
From lips, cheeks, eyebrows, forehead as he wish
Ad libitum. Doth it hit your fancies?

ANTONIO Ay!
Certes, fair Amoret: Shall I begin?
My voice is sweeter than the chink of silver.

CAMPANO Mine louder than the bugles' clamour.

ANGULO And mine
Falls with more regular cadence than—

STEPHANIO And mine's
Like any cannon.

DEVIL What saith Benedict?

BENEDICT My voice was ever yet employed in psalmody.

PHARMACEUTUS But mine—

ANTONIO What! thine! the clicking of thy tongue
Upon thy worn-out palate doth resemble
The livelong hammering of thy cursed pestle
Upon the druggéd mortar and doth surfeit
Our hearing, as thy physicks do our taste.

DEVIL Antonio, prithee sing first.

ANTONIO Why, then, here goes!
By Jove, I'll warble like the captive thrush.

Thou hast cast over me the golden net,
The all subduing trammels of strong love.
My soul is held in such sweet thrall by thee
Had I the power I would not grant it bail,
Therefore, sweet Excellence, my strains shall be
Most like the imprison'd linnet's.

DEVIL Prithee, gaol-bird,
No prelude to thy warblings—quick—dispatch.

STEPHANIO I can roar out a catch with th' best o' ye.

ANTONIO If thou presumest to exalt thy voice—

STEPHANIO Avast! Avast there messmate! Anchor quietly.
What! do you bear against me? Put about ship
Or ere a hand can reef the mizzen top-sail,
I'll lend thy stern so warm a cannonading
As peradventure, man, may make thy bowsprit
Drip with salt water.

DEVIL What, Stephanio,
Would'st print the booted fury of thy five toes
Into his yielding carcase?

STEPHANIO Marry, would I.

PHARMACEUTUS (*whispering* STEPHANIO)
Ay, do't, Stephanio, prithee, do it now.
He lacketh salutary chastisement.

ANTONIO Thou would'st not meddle sure with my entailments.

CAMPANO How! would'st thou violate his back settlements?

STEPHANIO What! do you *side* with him? do you *back* him?

CAMPANO No,
Not his back-side.

ANTONIO If thou but stirrest one finger
Or look'st upon me commandingly—thus,
I'll let more light into thy skull than ever
Shone there of nature, with as rude a polt*
As ever cudgel-swinging bumpkin lent
His blue and batter'd brother-labourer.

ANGULO There will be 'Vulgar Fractions' then, methinks.

ANTONIO So! So! you thrust your tongue into your cheek
As if you doubt my prowess—Why, come on then!
Dost think a lawyer hath but legal weapons?
Can'st toddle to the scratch? I'll sew your sees up!
I'll Chancery your upper tenements.
I'll file and bore you scientifically.
I'll make the patchwork peep, I warrant you,
Disorganise your victualling-office, uncork
The claret of your nob, and dim your daylights,
And make your ivories chatter in the tusk-box.

STEPHANIO I'll bring my guns to bear on ye enow,
I'm only gathering wind before I crowd sail.

ANTONIO Ay, ay, for every mugger thou shalt give me,
I'll lend thee ten and ten and ten to that.

ANGULO Oh! a recurring decimal.

STEPHANIO Come, unrig.

ANTONIO I am your man.

DEVIL (*coming behind*)
And I your woman, Sir. (*Trips him up*)

ANGULO Quod erat demonstrandum!

* "Polt"—meaning a hard blow, used by Miss Burney in "Cecilia" and in Jervas' "Don Quixote."—ED.

STEPHANIO Ha! Ha! founder'd!
CAMPANO He hath received some damage in his rear,
And total rout unto his advanc'd guard.
ANTONIO How now! the devil! Amoret!
DEVIL The Devil's Amoret
Is a good part if done in character.
The Devil Amoret! the Devil, Sir!
I was an Angel twenty minutes since,
Did I not say that you would change your humour?
ANTONIO Assault and battery!
DEVIL Ha! Ha! Ha! Antonio,
And would you swear me in to keep the peace?
PHARMACEUTUS It was a bad concussion. Shall I bleed you?
ANTONIO I am bedevil'd and bewizarded.
DEVIL And have you not the grace to say 'bewitched'?
ANTONIO Methought a Giant grappled me—What spells
Have put such thew and sinew in an arm
Whose rounded purity seem'd only able
To string a necklace or to clasp a bracelet?
DEVIL What! have I tickled you? your nose drops blood.
STEPHANIO How! hath he sprung a leak? hath he bilg'd?
ANGULO He hath prov'd
The law of gravitation lustily—
And yet, methought, the vacuum in his skull
Might have buoyed up his carcase to some purpose.
STEPHANIO He pitches bravely.
ANTONIO Murrain take ye all!

Am I a shrovetide cock that ye should crack
Your jests upon me thus? but I'll not stand it.

DEVIL No, 'faith, you measur'd all your length just now.

ANTONIO What do ye take me for?

ANGULO A baffled lawyer
Diverging from the perpendicular
Which you have done before now—

BENEDICT Yea, by 'r Lady,
He hath swerv'd from rectitude.

ANTONIO O chattering Apes,
Do ye make mouths at me? do ye snap your fingers
As ye esteem'd me less than th' heated air
Whose rarefied attenuated substance
Would scarce endure the thistle beard to sport
Upon its yielding subtlety? then, here's for ye,
I value not a single soul among ye
The interest which one poor farthing yields
I' th' fraction of a second.

ANGULO How!

CAMPANO What!

STEPHANIO Do you brave us all?

ANTONIO Ay.

STEPHANIO Split my—

DEVIL Hist!
[*Knocking*

ANTONIO O Lord, the Necromancer!

BENEDICT Holy Virgin
Defend us!

ANTONIO We shall all be cats or foxes.

STEPHANIO 'Twill blow a rough gale.
[*Knocking*

BENEDICT Saints deliver me!
I'll never do an evil thing again.
ANTONIO I'll never nim* a client of his due.
PHARMACEUTUS I'll never kill a patient any more.
STEPHANIO Would I were safe i' my hammock, out at sea!
PHARMACEUTUS Would I were mixing draughts or rolling pills.
DEVIL Wishes prove nothing but the vanity
Of him that wisheth: though, like telescopes,
They bring far things awhile beneath the view,
They cannot 'minish the long interval
And space between the object and the wish.
[*Knocking*
Quick, quick, be expeditious, Gentlemen.
Look ere you leap but tarry not in looking,
Were a good proverb.
A quick decision i' the nick of time
Outruns mature deliberation
As the strong gush o' th' tide in some strait river
Precurses the more sober ocean.
You mount the chimney, Benedict—what now!
Do you stick fast in't? doth its sooty breath
Offend thy proud olfactories? Up farther,
My ghostly chimney-sweep. I warrant this
Is not the first time you have made a chimney
The medium of intrigue. Up farther yet,
Work thy way inward. Hark ye! Pharmaceutus,
Stow your long body cheek by jowl with Angulo
Within the closet yonder. You, Campano,

* "Nim"—used in seventeenth-century slang, meaning "steal." Here used to mean "rob."—ED.

Cower down beneath the heap o' musty sacks
There i' the corner with Stephanio.
You i' this chest, my worthy Counsellor,
Must with contracted stomach chafe your knees.
So! So! ye are all safe now.

[*Loud and continued knocking*

I prithee, patience.

SCENE II *Outside of the cottage—early morning*

MAGUS I do much fear my Devil hath play'd false
Or that the weeds of wanton Idleness
Have mantled his clear wit. Why comes he not?
There is no punishment too sharp for him
That doth forsake his trust, betray the station
Where we have set him in Authority.
If the frail reed we lean upon should break,
Where most we hope its succour, it were meet
That we should hew it from the wholesome Earth
Which nourisheth and perfects better things.
If he should answer my suspicions,
I'll pen him for some centuries in ice
Up to the neck, I'll rack his thumbs with screws;
I'll twitch his tail until the black blood spout
Forth at the end; I'll fill his jaws with tooth-ache;
I'll stick hot pins thro's liver—Hark! he comes.

[*Enter* DEVIL, *still veil'd*

Ha! Amoret, awake, abroad so early
Blanching the roses of thy cheeks. What now!
The grey cock hath not crow'd, the glow-worm still
Leads on unpal'd his train of emerald light.

DEVIL Good faith, most venerable necromancer,
The roses of my visage are not blanch'd

But rather have attain'd (be thou my judge)
Unto a depth of dusky colouring. (*Unveils*)

MAGUS How now, my Hellish Minister, dark child
Of bottomless Hades; what rude waggery
What jejune undigested joke is this?
To quilt thy fuscous haunches with the flounc'd,
Frilled, finical delicacy of female dress.
How hast thou dar'd to girdle thy brown sides
And prop thy monstrous vertebræ with stays?
Speak out, thou petticoated Solecism.
Thou hairy trifler! what mad pranks have sent
Thy diabolical wits a wool-gathering?

DEVIL A linen gathering I grant you, Master.

MAGUS Certes, it seems your Devilship to-night
Is unaccountably facetious!
Speak and beware the magic of my spells!
Or I will rive yon mighty Cedar-Tree
Sheer from its topmost windiest branch unto
The lowest fang o' th' root—between each half
I'll place thy sinful carcase and again
When the cleft stem shall close without a fissure
Thy bunching body shall be quash'd as flat
As spider in a hinge.

DEVIL Nay, prithee—

MAGUS Speak, then,
And tell me why thy horny scalp is thus
Envelop'd in the foldings of this veil?

DEVIL Why lurks the Bravo's dagger in the sheath
Ere yet it glitter o'er his enemy?
Why is the curvéd fish-hook buried in
The length o' th' twisting worm? My gudgeons play

Around the baited snare. My horny scalp
Is buried in the foldings of this veil
To save thy scalp from horns.

MAGUS Ay? is it so?
Good Devil bear with me. My nature is
Most quickly mov'd to anger which as quickly
Is wasted like the flint o' th' veiny Earth
Which underneath the hoof one moment flashes
A particle of intense fire which dies
As instantly. But wind and wave have chafed me,
The Anarchy of the impetuous blast
And the wet beatings of the step-dame surge
Have ruffled my smooth temper.

DEVIL Gentle Master,
Unless thine oars had been swift wings, thy boat
Some pinion'd steed of air, thine ocean-path
The limitless abyss of Ether's space,
I know not how thou hast measur'd back thy way
So keenly.

MAGUS Half the powers o' th' other world
Were leagued against my journeying: but had not
The irresistible and lawless might
Of brazen-handed fix'd Fatality
Oppos'd me, I had done it. The black storm,
From out whose mass of volum'd vapour sprang
The lively curling thunderbolt had ceas'd
Long ere from out the dewy depth of Pines
Emerging on the hollow'd banks, that bound
The leapings of the saucy tide, I stood—
The mighty waste of moaning waters lay
So goldenly in moonlight, whose clear lamp
With its long line of vibratory lustre

Trembled on the dun surface, that my Spirit
Was buoyant with rejoicings. Each hoar wave
With crisped undulation arching rose,
Thence falling in white ridge with sinuous slope
Dash'd headlong to the shore and spread along
The sands its tender fringe of creamy spray.
Thereat my shallop lightly I unbound,
Spread my white sail and rode exulting on
The placid murmurings of each feathery wave
That hurried into sparkles round the cleaving
Of my dark Prow; but scarcely had I past
The third white line of breakers when a squall
Fell on me from the North, an inky Congress
O' the Republican clouds unto the zenith
Rush'd from th' horizon upwards with the speed
Of their own thunder-bolts.
The seas divided and dim Phantasies
Came thronging thickly round me, with hot eyes
Unutterable things came flitting by me;
Semblance of palpability was in them,
Albeit the wavering lightnings glitter'd thro'
Their shadow'd immaterialities.
Black shapes clung to my boat; a sullen owl
Perch'd on the Prow, and overhead the hum
As of infernal Spirits in mid Heaven
Holding aerial council caught mine ear.
Then came a band of melancholy sprites,
White as their shrouds and motionlessly pale
Like some young Ashwood when the argent Moon
Looks in upon its many silver stems.
And thrice my name was syllabled i' th' air
And thrice upon the wave, like that loud voice

Which thro' the deep dark night i' th' olden time
Came sounding o'er the lone Ionian.
Thereat I girded round my loins the scarf
Thy Mother Hecate gave me and withstood
The violent tempest: the insulting surge
Rode over me in glassy arch but dar'd not
Sprinkle one drop of its nefarious spray
Upon my charméd person: the red heralds
O' th' heavy footed thunder glanc'd beside me,
Kiss'd my bar'd front and curl'd around my brow
In lambent wreaths of circling fire, but could not
Singe one loose lock of vagrant grey, that floated
To the wind's dalliance. But nor magic spells
Vigour of heart or vigilance of hand,
Could back the Ocean's spumy menacings,
Which drove my leaky skiff upon the sands.
Soon as I touch'd firm Earth, each mounting billow
Fell laxly back into its windless bed,
And all the moon-lit Ocean slumber'd still.
Thrice with bold prow I breasted the rough spume
But thrice a vitreous wall of waves up sprung
Ridging the level sea—so far'd it with me
Foil'd of my purpose. Some unwholesome star,
Some spells of darker Gramarie than mine,
Rul'd the dim night and would not grant me
passage.

DEVIL Thou hast come fittingly.

MAGUS How so?

DEVIL My plans
Are growing to a head.

MAGUS And hast thou guarded
With scrupulous exactness—

DEVIL Grant me but
The tenth part of an hour and I will mesh
In the entanglement of stratagem
These lawless insolents; thyself shall take
That vengeance which thou wishest.
MAGUS Who are within?
DEVIL Water and oil.
MAGUS What mean you?
DEVIL Salt and pepper.
MAGUS Be less ambiguous.
DEVIL A most warring compound
Of uncongenial elements, good Master.
'Faith, seldom doth thy dice box, Intercourse,
Turn up such rude unmated numbers.
MAGUS Ha!
Where's Amoret?
DEVIL Asleep.
MAGUS Art sure?
DEVIL Most certain.
MAGUS 'Tis well. I wait without. What signal, prithee,
Shall summon my approach?
DEVIL A beat o' th' foot, or
The shrill collision of my palms—thus—thrice, or
A clearing of the throat—thus—meaningly.
MAGUS I will be sure to mark it. Get thee gone
And do thy bidding, Devil.
[*Exit* DEVIL
'Tis even thus—
And they would pluck from th' casket the sole gem
Of mine affections, taint its innocent lustre,
And give it back dishonour'd, they would canker
My brightest flower, would muddy the clear source

Whence flows my only stream of earthly bliss;
Would let the foul consuming worm into
The garner of my love. O Earthliness!
Man clambers over the high battlements
That part the principalities of good
And ill—perchance a few hot tears, and then
The sear'd heart yields to 't and Crime's signet
stamps
Her burning image there. The summer fly
That skims the surface of the deep black pool
Knows not the gulf beneath its slippery path.
Man sees, but plunges madly into it.
We follow thro' a night of crime and care
The voice of soft Temptation, still it calls,
And still we follow onwards, till we find
She is a Phantom and—we follow still.
When couched in Boyhood's passionless tranquillity,
The natural mind of man is warm and yielding,
Fit to receive the best impressions,
But raise it to the atmosphere of manhood
And the rude breath of dissipation
Will harden it to stone. 'Tis like the seaplant
Which in its parent and unshaken depths
Is mouldable as clay, but when rude hands
Have pluck'd it from its billowless Abyss
Unto the breathings of Heaven's airs, each gust
Which blows upon 't will fix it into hardness.
I'll to the Northern casement which looks over
The shrubby banks o' th' mountain Lake, for thence
The slightest whisper from within may reach me.

SCENE III *Interior of* MAGUS' *cottage. Enter* DEVIL

DEVIL O ye puissant spirits whose tried powers
The issue of this night hath fully prov'd,
Though your undoubted prowess hath descended
In dearth of other merriment to play
At hide and seek—come forth!

STEPHANIO (*Whispering from under his sacks.*)
Is the coast clear?
Has he heel'd offward?

ANTONIO (*Half raising the lid of the chest.*)
Is the sorcerer gone?

DEVIL 'Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen.'

CAMPANO What! did he beat a parley with thee, Amoret?
Or did ye sally forth, and nail his Ordnance
Ere it had vent?

BENEDICT (*Up in the chimney.*)
The Lord deliver me!
That ever Benedict should come to this!

DEVIL Out of your holes, ye Rats! uncavern ye,
White-liver'd conies!

ANTONIO Why, thou art a Shrew.

DEVIL Nay, give the Devil his due, I am not shrewish.

ANTONIO Beshrew me, if thou art not. Where is Magus,
And his familiar?

DEVIL Fear, like Drunkenness
Sees ever double—there was only one.
'Twas an old suitor whom I had discarded,
A miserly craving man, whose white hairs preach
Against his manners,

One who hath heap'd up coin until the means
Became the end of being; his hair was lac'd
With cobwebs, his sad calculating brows
Gather'd into a hundred dusty wrinkles.
A rusty key with many less ones dangled
Beside him, his parch'd person showed most like
A disembowell'd Mummy or dried Moth.
There was no moisture in his fissur'd lip.
He thrust his shrivell'd fingers into mine,
And mumbled from his dry and corky tongue
Some sentences which intimated Love,
But sounded like chaf'd parchment or the whistle
Of tight and corded Inexpressibles.*
Ev'n such an one so sapless and so wither'd
I clos'd my door upon.

BENEDICT (*Groaning in the chimney*)
Beate Martin!

ANTONIO He calls for Betty Martin.

DEVIL And he'll find her
For she is marvellously fond of soot.

PRARMACEUTUS (*Who has advanced into the stage with* ANGULO.)
Did you speak verity, my oil of Roses?
Who shook the door so keenly?

ANGULO Ay, good mistress,
Are we correct i' th' data?

DEVIL Know you not
Philargyrus, to whose roof the sparrow's nest
Owes not a straw that lines it?

* I suggest, with some diffidence, that this line refers to the whistling sound which is caused by the rubbing together of the legs of corduroy trousers in walking.—ED.

PHARMACEUTUS Know him? Ay,
A weak, old patient with a thready pulse,
And dry unfruitful palm, which lacketh ever
The wholesome dew of perspiration.
But I much marvel how he knocked so briskly.

DEVIL He was enrag'd we did not open to him:
And irritation often times doth nerve
The puny frame with artificial strength.
A child in wrath will cast a heavy stone,
Which in his tamer mood he scarce had mov'd.
But to the point! We tarry long in colloquy,
The cool and pearly grey of dawn hath crept
Into the sable bosom of the night.
It were fit time that I should call from ye
The man that hits my fancy.

PHARMACEUTUS Wilt unveil then,
My liniment of Linseed, my Electuary,*
My syrup of Poppies, eh? my flower of sulphur?

DEVIL (*Aside*) That's a *home* touch, though but a random hit.
My flower of sulphur quotha! by the Cabbala
A pretty flower of sulphur shall ye find me.
My thoughts begin to burn: a Devil's heat
Glows through me to the core: have at ye, Sirs!

Here the manuscript ends abruptly.—ED.

* "Electuary"—a medical paste made of some powder or other ingredient mixed with honey or syrup.—ED.

Date Due

NOV 19 1984			
AUG 27 1996			
AUG 27 1996			

CAT. NO. 23 233 PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PR 5555 .D54 1930
Tennyson, Alfred Tennyson
The devil and the lady.
010101 000
0 1999 0014969 1
TRENT UNIVERSITY

PR5555 .D54 1930
Tennyson, Alfred Tennyson
The devil and the lady

DATE	ISSUED TO
	127710

127710

COLONIAL
"Out-of-Print"
BOOK SERVICE, INC.
23 EAST 4th STREET
NEW YORK CITY 3, N. Y.